

# THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN

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Letters addressed to the Editors on business must be *paid*, or they will not be attended to.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the *New York Mirror*.

### THOUGHTS ON LAWYERS.

BY THEODORE A. PAY.

In a late paper, headed "A Lecture for the Lawyers," I ventured a few philosophical reflections on that intelligent and useful class of our fellow citizens, and I took the liberty to show how one of their body would act, supposing Owen's Moral World to be true. Several other ideas have occurred to me upon the same subject to which, as I do not mean to be very prolix, I invite the reader's attention, nor do I deem it necessary to make any apology to the fraternity, as I know that, skilful as they are in discerning reasons on either side, they will find arguments in my favour a plenty—if they wish to do so.

The nominal purpose of a Court of Justice is to seek the *truth*; but I question whether the *truth* is ever in other places more attacked, sneered at, brow-beaten, ridiculed, and put out of countenance. It is the *truth*, which every one in his turn finds it his interest to conceal. It is *truth* that every one is afraid of. Even the party most unequivocally in the right, is anxious to exclude the *truth* from the other side, lest it may seem to contradict his own; and all the lawyers, and even the judge, seem as much on the watch to stop the witness's mouth, every two minutes, as they have been to make him come there to open it. To me, one of the most ridiculous things in the world is, a witness upon the stand, trying (poor fellow!) to give in his testimony. He is, we will suppose, not in the slightest degree interested in either of the parties, and doubtless, wishes them both tied together by the neck, and dropped off the stern of one of the North river steamboats. He comes into court, not voluntarily, but dragged if he resists, by two or three scowling ministers of the law, who, from the mere fact of his being presumed to know something about the pending suit, think themselves entitled to treat him as if he had been brought up for robbing a ten-cent. He is forced from his business or his amusements for the purpose of speaking the *truth*, and he inwardly resolves to tell the whole story as soon as possible, and get rid of the thing. He thinks he knows the worst. He thinks the loss of time, and the awkwardness of speaking for the first time in public, are the extent of his suffering. Unconscious victim! He no sooner mounts the stand, than he finds himself at once the centre of a circle of enemies, and holding a position not greatly unlike that of a prisoner in an Indian war-dance. He tries to tell his story.

Witness.—I was going down Maiden-lane.—

First Lawyer.—Stop, sir.

Second Lawyer.—Don't interrupt the witness.

Third Lawyer.—The witness is ours.

Fourth Lawyer.—(Fiercely and indignantly,) we want the *fact*.

Judge.—Let the witness tell his story.

Witness.—I was going down Maiden line, where I live.

First Lawyer.—We don't want to know where you live, sir.

Second Lawyer.—That is a part of his testimony.

Third Lawyer.—You can take the witness into your own hands when we are done with him; at present he is ours.

Witness turns pale.

Fourth Lawyer.—(Sarcastically.) Very well, sir.

Judge.—I beg you will sit down.

One of the Aldermen.—Officer, keep order.

Officer, (in a tone of thunder, and with a scowl of more than oriental despotism upon the spectators, who sit making any noise that they know of) —Silence!

Witness.—I was going down Maiden-land, where I reside, as I said before, when—

First Lawyer.—You don't come here to repeat what you said before, sir.

Second Lawyer.—I beg—

Third Lawyer.—(Starting to his feet.) I demand—

Fourth Lawyer.—I appeal to his honour, the Judge, to protect me from the impertinence of this witness.

First, second, third, fourth, Lawyer and Judge together.—The witness must—

Officer.—(Looking at the audience again, and in a tone of thunder)—Silence!

Judge.—Gentlemen, it seems to me that the best way to come at the *truth*, is to let the witness go on, and I will call him to order if he wanders from his duty.—Witness!

Witness.—Your honour.

Judge.—Tell the plain fact of this assault—tell the jury what you know about it—remember you are here to speak the *truth*, the whole *truth*, and nothing but the *truth*—raise your voice—turn your head to the jury. What do you know of this affair?

The poor wretch commences again. The first, second, third, and fourth lawyer continuing to skirt round him all the while, like a parcel of wild Arabs fighting for the clothes of some unhappy prisoner. So far is he from getting a chance to say anything. So length bewildered out of his recollection—frightened, insulted and indignant—however really desirous of telling the *truth*, he stumbles upon some inconsistency; some trifling, or not trifling paradox—apologized for at once, and to secure one's entire satisfaction, by the idea that he has *nothing* to say. But then comes the cross examination, while their father was a *dunder*, chosen to teach a *dunder*—and the *dunder* is a *dunder*—and the scientific artillery of a cool, able lawyer—represented by thirty years of similar evidence, to

boy. Then comes the laugh of judge and jury, the murmur of astonishment from the crowd, that a person could be found degraded and base enough to say that "the defendant wore a *little rained-heat*," when he acknowledged subsequently off his guard, that he had "a *tolerable large rim*." Then the poor fellow; sore all over, and not quite sure that he will not himself be sent to the States' prison, at ten years hard labour, for perjury, before the week has rolled away, although he is the only person in court who does not, in a greater or less degree, merit that punishment, is dismissed to a bench, a few yards off, where he is obliged to remain to hear the lawyers, in their address to the jury, tear his character to pieces with fine turns of rhetoric and yet finer gesticulations.

—What hat, gentlemen of the jury," says the first lawyer, summing up in a tone of the deepest contempt, "what does the next witness, this Mr. Boggs, say?" Gentleman he comes forward under the most peculiar circumstances. A dark mystery shrouds his motives, which I shall not endeavour to altogether dissolve. But he comes forward, and he takes his place upon that witness stand, with the open the avowed, the undisguised, the unfeigned, the determined resolution to fix upon my client, the injured Mr. Swipes, this foul and unnatural assault and battery. You saw him, gentlemen, when I cross examined him, tremble under my eye—you saw him hesitate and turn pale at my voice! (The first lawyer, very probably, has a voice that would intimidate a bear.) "You heard him stammer and take back his words, and say he did not recollect." Is this, gentlemen of the jury, an *actual witness*? The language of truth is plain and simple—it requires no previous calculation. If I ask you if you saw the sun set to-day, you answer yes, or no—you do not hesitate, you do not tremble. You do not say, "yes, I did, and in the very next breath, 'no, I did not.' You do not at first tell me, 'I walked ten miles yesterday, I was all day in bed.' (Here one of the jurors puts his nose by that of another, and utters something in approbation of this argument, and the other one nods his head and looks at the speaker as much as to say, "there is no use in trying to elude the sagacity of this keen sighted lawyer. The witness had much better have told the truth. 'Now, gentlemen, what does this witness say?' He commenced by telling you, gentlemen, that he lived in Maiden-Lane, that he was going home on the day when this ridiculous and unnatural assault is said have taken place that he saw a crowd, that he approached, that he saw Mr. Swipes, my client, the defendant in this action, come up to the plaintiff, Mr. Wilkins, and give him, Wilkins, the said plaintiff, a blow with a bludgeon. But, gentlemen, when I come to sift this plausible story, you heard him equivocate and contradict himself. What sort of a hat had Mr. Swipes on?" 'A black one.' 'Of what breadth was the rim?' 'About an inch.' He thought, doubtless, that he was to have everything his own way, till I brought upon the stand to confront him, the hatter, who made and sold the hat, and who proves to you that the rim was broad. You cannot morally doubt that the hat worn on that day, by Swipes, was a broad-brimmed hat; all the witnesses for the defendant swear it, and even Mr. Boggs himself, when closely questioned, acknowledged that it might have been a broad-brimmed hat. Next, gentlemen, the pantaloons. What colour were Mr. Swipes' pantaloons? 'Black,' said this Mr. Boggs. Gentlemen, I have produced these pantaloons in court. They have been identified beyond the possibility of doubt. What was the result? You saw, yourselves, gentlemen. The pantaloons were *pepper and salt*."

A cry of admiration throughout the court room. The officer cries order. The poor witness unfortunately occupies a conspicuous seat, and all eyes are fixed upon him with the most virtuous indignation. He is calculating at what sacrifice he can wind up his business, and go and settle in Kentucky. The lawyer waxes triumphant, and after a withering look at Boggs, goes on.

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"Furthermore, gentlemen, I asked this witness to describe the bludgeon. He could not. Had it ivory or gold on the handle? He could not tell. Was there a ferule upon the end? Did not know. Was it heavy? Yes. Had he ever handled it? No. How could he tell the weight of a thing which he had never handled?" (Another burst of admiration.) "Was he personally acquainted with Mr. Swipes?" No. He had ever seen him before? No. Since? No. Could he tell whether he had an aquiline nose or not? No. Was he not a friend of Mr. Wilkins? Yes. Had he not expressed an opinion upon this case? Yes, he had said the *second* ought to have been ashamed of himself. Was Mr. Wilkins' hat knocked off? No. But, before he left the stand, he said he saw the Moon on the top of the plaintiff's head. How could he see the top of his head, unless the hat had been knocked off?"

Another buzz. The witness here rose and said, "Mr. Wilkins took it off to show me."

Officer.—Silence, there!

Judge.—Witness, you must not interrupt the counsel. You then had the opportunity to say whatever you pleased. If you are again guilty of so great an indecency, I shall be obliged to commit you.

Witness turns pale.

Fourth Lawyer.—(Sarcastically.) Very well, sir.

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told their father on his return; and the circumstance led him to a course of experiments, which ended in the Telecop. So the shipwrecked sailor once collected some sea-woods on the sand, and made a fire to warm their shivering fingers, and cook a scanty meal. When the fire went out they found that the alkali of these woods combined with the sand, and formed glass, the basis of all our discoveries in astronomy, and absolutely necessary to our enjoyment. In the days when every astronomer was an astrologer, and every chemist a speaker after the philosophers stone, some monks carelessly mixing their materials, by accident invented gunpowder, which has done so much to diminish the barbarities of war. Sir Isaac Newton's two most important discoveries, concerning light and gravitation, were results of accident. His theory and experiments on light were suggested by the soap bubbles of a child; and on gravitation, by the fall of an apple as he sat in the orchard. And it was by hastily scratching on a stone memorandum of some articles brought him from the washwoman's that the idea of lithography first presented itself to the mind of Senefelder.

which I appropriated to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous manual labor. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have been able to add so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of fifty of them, with more or less facility."

I trust, Mr. President, I shall be pardoned by the ingenious author of this letter, and the gentleman to whom it is addressed, for the liberty which I have taken, unexpected, I am sure, by both of them, in thus making it public. It discloses a *re-solute* purpose of improvement, (under obstacles and difficulties of no ordinary kind,) which excited my admiration, I may say my veneration. It is enough to make one who has good opportunities for education hang his head in shame.

### THE GRAND DUKE AND THE JEW.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

The following singular story, which was current among the English residents in Petersburg, at the coronation of the present Emperor of Russia, has been narrated to us by a person newly arrived from that part of the continent,

In the early part of the year 1826, an English gentleman from Akmetoch in the Crimea, having occasion to travel to France on business of importance, directed his course by way of Warsaw, in Poland. About an hour after his arrival in that city, he quitted the tavern in which he had been taking refreshment, to take a walk through the streets. While sauntering in front of one of the public buildings, he met with an elderly gentleman of a grave aspect and courteous demeanor. After a mutual exchange of civilities, they got into a conversation, during which, with the characteristic frankness of an Englishman, he told the stranger who he was, where from, and whether he was going. The other, in the most friendly manner, invited him to share the hospitalities of his house, till such time as he found it convenient to resume his journey—adding, with a smile, that it was not improbable but he might visit the Crimea himself in the course of that year, when, perhaps, he might require a similar return. The invitation was accepted, and he was conducted to a splendid mansion, elegant, without, and rich and commodious within.

Unbound liberality on the part of the Pole, produced unbounded confidence on the part of the Englishman. The latter had a small box of jewels of great value, which he had carried about his person from the time of his leaving home—finding that mode of conveyance both hazardous and inconvenient in a town, he requested his hospitable host to deposit it in a place of security till he should be ready to go away. At the expiration of three days, he prepared for his departure, and on asking for his box, was *assassinated*, when the old gentleman, with a countenance exhibiting the *stare of surprise*, replied, "what box?" "Why, the small box of jewels I gave you to keep for me." "My dear sir, you must surely be mistaken; I never, really, saw or heard of such a box." The Englishman was *petrified*. After recovering himself a little, he requested he would call his wife, she having been present when he received it. She came, and on being questioned, answered in exact unison with her husband—expressed the same surprise—and benevolently endeavored to persuade her distracted guest that it was a mere hallucination. With mingled feelings of horror, astonishment, and despair, he walked out of the house and went to the tavern at which he had put up on his arrival at Warsaw. There he related his mysterious story, and learned that his inquisitive host was the richest Jew in Poland. He was advised, without delay, to state the case to the Grand Duke, who fortunately at that time, happened to be at Warsaw.

He accordingly waited on him; and, with little ceremony, was admitted to an audience. He briefly laid down the case, and Constantine, "with a greedy ear devoured up his discourse." Constantine expressed his astonishment—told him he knew the Jew, having had extensive money transactions with him—that he had always been respectable, and of an unblemished character. "However," he added, "I will use every legitimate means to unveil the mystery." So saying, he called on some gentlemen who were to dine with him that day, and despatched a messenger with a note to the Jew, requesting his presence. Aaron obeyed his summons. "Have you not received a box of jewels from the hand of this gentleman?" said the Duke. "Never, my lord," was the reply. "Strange, indeed! Are you perfectly conscious," turning to the Englishman. "Quite certain, my lord." Then addressing himself to the Jew. "This is a very singular case, and I feel it my duty to use singular means to ascertain the truth—is your wife at home?" "Yes, my lord." "Then," continued Constantine, "here is a sheet of paper, and here is a pen, proceed to write a note to your wife in such terms as shall dictate." Aaron lifted the pen. "Now," said this second Solomon, commence by saying, "all is discovered! There is no resource left but deliver up the box." I have owned the fact in the presence of the Grand Duke." A tremor shook the frame of the Israelite, and the pen dropped from his fingers. But instantly recovering himself, he exclaimed, "that is impossible, my lord, that would be directly implicating myself." "I give you my word of honor," said Constantine, "in presence of every one in the room, that what you shall never be used as an instrument against you, farther than the effect it produces on your wife. If you are innocent, you have nothing to fear—but if you persist in not writing it, I will hold it as a proof of your guilt."

With a trembling hand the terrified Jew wrote out the note, folded it up, and as he was desired, sealed it with his own signature. Two officers were despatched with it to the house, and when Sarah glanced over its contents, she swooned and sank to the ground. The box was delivered up and restored to its owner—and the Jew suffered the punishment his villainy deserved. He was sent to Siberia.

THEODOSIA:—OR LOVE, TREACHERY AND DESPAIR.

Mustapha Pacha, meant to be the object of all the public offices of Turkey, has just delivered Macdonald from a miserable band of brigands, who have been robbing the country for several years. The English admiral is now to be sent to the Black Sea, to put an end to the

piracy, and to bring back the Sultan's daughter, who has been carried off by the pirates. The Sultan's daughter is a very beautiful girl, and the English admiral is to be sent to the Black Sea, to put an end to the

piracy, and to bring back the Sultan's daughter, who has been carried off by the pirates. The Sultan's daughter is

THE RUIN.

United in Time; to whom arose this high  
Majestic pile here sink in rude decay!  
He answers not, but swifter speeds his way,  
Rushing with outspread wings the boundless sky.

My Name: O thou, whose sons defy  
The waste of years, and deathless works essay—  
He leaves a sigh, as one to grieve a pray,  
And, sinking, downward casts her tearful eye.

I now presented, sad and thoughtful grown,  
What store is aspect o'er the ruined shrine  
Less Oblivion stalks from stone to stone;  
Ah thou! I erred, had known! say what design?  
He checked my further speech with silent tone,  
I care not where it was, it now is mine.

LIFE.

"I tell thee," said the old man, "what is life:  
A gulf of troubled waters—where the soul,  
Like a vexed bark, is tossed upon the waves  
Of pain and pleasure, by the wavering breath  
Of humanities. They are winds that drive it on,  
But only to destruction and despair.

I always have known some former state  
More gaudy than our present; and the heart  
Is necessarily dim memories—shadows left  
By past beauty. Hence do we pine  
For vain aspirations—hopes that fill the mind  
With bitter thoughts for their own vanity."

VARIETY.

A DILEMMA MAN.—A young gentleman at Chicago, who had won the heart of a fair lady, wished  
to defer the marriage till an important law  
suit of his father was decided. The lady insisting  
in prompt action the disinterested lover said, "I  
can have the refusal of you six months, can't I?"

A celebrated toper, intending to go to a masked  
ball, consulted an acquaintance in what character  
he should disguise himself. "Go sober," replied  
the friend, "and your most intimate friend will not  
know you."

People who point out the faults of others are  
not so forgetful that others may at the same instant  
be discounting upon them in like manner.

"Well, good bye," said a man to his friend who  
lived at a distance, "if you should come any where  
in the neighborhood of my house I wish you would  
not stop."

Paradox of the States.—Man is strong—Woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—  
Woman is delicate and unassuming. Man is great—  
Woman at home. Man talks to—  
Woman is willing to—  
Man is stern—Woman is soft and tender one.  
Man is serious—Woman is gay. Man has judgment—  
Woman has sensibility. Man is a being of justice—  
Woman of mercy.

A New-York paper mentions an ingenious trick  
of a wag to get a good seat one night at the National  
theatre when the house was full. He poked his  
head in at a box door and sang out that "John  
Doe's house was on fire!" About fifty, who bore  
the name instantly took up their  
seats and stepped to different directions; when the  
lady who had caused all the flurry quietly popped  
into one of their seats.

"Have you ever seen a snail?" asked a wag to  
a person not remarkable for speed. "Yes," Then  
you must have set him, for it is impossible for you  
to have overhauled one."

"Are you guilty, or not guilty?" said the clerk  
of arraigns to a prisoner the other day; "and sure  
now," said Par, "what are ye put there for, but  
still find that out."

Larning.—A country apothecary said that Jefferson  
was a true patriot. For after serving his  
country, he retired, like Cincinnatus, to "opium  
cum digitalis!"

An old gentleman fell in love with a young lady  
named Page. In a ball room, the lady dropped  
her glove; instantly he took it up, and his address  
was, in presenting it—

It from glove you take the letter G,  
Then glove makes love, which I devote to thee.  
Her answer was,

And if thou Page you take the letter P,  
Then Page makes age, and that won't do for me.

Why does your nose in cold weather become a  
snail? When it is a little reddish.

Some noses are vegetable in all weat'.

They are turves.

A Conversation.—As fire, water, and air, are the  
three great powers resorted to in mechanical opera-  
tions—so, analogous to these, the three impelling  
powers of moral machines are, love, money, and  
gold.

News.—From an old paper.—It is well known,  
probably, to most of our readers that formerly people  
feared to touch the carcass of a dead mad dog,  
for fear of becoming rabid. We did not know  
however that there was such a fact on record as  
the following, cut by the Editor of the Boston Mor-  
tality Journal from a paper published in that city  
in 1615.—Norfolk Beacon.

Foxfield, Mass. June 10.—The blood of the  
dead dog, mentioned in our last, which was killed  
in the chamber of a house in the Shaker Village,  
judged to be about a quart, was taken up and  
boiled about four feet; from a large pear tree, in full  
bloom and very thrifty. The third day after, the  
dog was completely withered to the highest bran-  
ches, and continues to wither as fast as if it were  
alive. In digging the hole, some of the small  
branches cut off, which enabled the poison to  
penetrate with the sap, and convey its deadly  
influence to every part of the tree.

—Of the same season, dear reader; but  
the winter after follows, number 9. This num-  
ber 9, then all, is not without poetry and romance.  
Indeed, it shows he is a very comical rhyming  
character, and anxious to delight in performing  
half-a-dozen parts in one piece on the same stage.  
It may be known to every learned Theban that  
all the products of the figure 9 produce the same  
result by addition of the combinations. For in-  
stance,

9 0 9 9 9 9 9 9 9  
0 9 9 9 9 9 9 9 9  
18 27 36 45 54 63 72 81

Add any of the above results and it will pro-  
duce the additive number—9.

It is evident that the products are formed  
in the true sense of the figures; as for instance  
adding 18 and 27, we get 45; 18, 72, 27, 45.  
His talents are good, and drives particularly careful  
and accurate, and will be of great service to  
life and business, and

Three years ago at a certain boarding school,  
set a hundred miles from Brooklyn, the young  
ladies in the class of Literary composition, were re-  
quired to write an essay on the then forthcoming  
new year.

The following was chosen to receive the second  
best premium on account of its pith and brevity:

"The new year is here; the figures forming  
its date are 1-8-3-6; the two first figures are  
the quantity of the two latter; each two figures  
combined make nine, the four make eighteen, which  
two combined make nine; the product is 16,524,  
which figures added together make eighteen.—  
Such a combination rarely occurs.—N. Y. Student.

THE MARKETS.

AT SALISBURY.....March 14, 1839.

Bacon,	10 a 12	Molasses,	.62 a 75						
Brandy, apple,	none	Nails,	.00 a 10						
peach,	none	Oats,	.30 a 35						
Butter,	10 a 12	Sugar, brown,	.11 a 12						
Cotton, in seed,	300	loaf,	.18 a 20						
Coffee,	12 a 13	Salt,	.10 a 12						
Corn,	16 a 18	Tallow,	.10 a 12						
Feathers,	37 a 40	Tobacco,	.8 a 20						
Flour,	500 a 650	Wheat, (bushel),	100 a 000						
Flaxseed,	75	Whiskey,	.45 a 50						
Linseed Oil, pr. gal.	\$1 124	Eggs pr. doz.	.8 a 10						

AT CHERAW.....February 26, 1839.

Bacon, lb.	10 a 14	Nails, cut,	.71 a 8						
Butter,	15 a 20	wrought,	.16 a 18						
Beechwax,	22 a 24	Oats,	.04 a 50						
Coffee,	12 a 16	Rice,	.550 a 625						
Cotton,	13 a 15	Sugar,	.10 a 12						
Corn,	75 a 100	Salt,	.325 a 350						
Flour, country,	650 a 800	Steel, American,	10 a 12						
Iron,	5 a 64	English,	.00 a 14						
Lard,	12 a 15	German,	.12 a 14						
Leather, sole,	22 a 25	Tallow,	.10 a 12						
Molasses,	45 a 50	Tobacco,	.10 a 12						
Orleans,	50 a 62	Tobacco, maf'd.	10 a 50						

Mulberry Trees.

A much greater than can be supplied, the  
Subscriber has concluded to dispose of part  
of his Stock intended for his own use. They  
are of the genuine *Morus Alba*, so extensively cultivated  
in Italy and France; and which writers upon the  
Silk Culture admit, make the best kind of Silk. Being  
of the second year's growth, they are large enough to be  
transplanted, which may save two years delay on the  
part of those wishing to engage in the business. What  
I have to spare can be delivered at any time between  
this and the 1st of March, and upon terms much lower  
than the Northern prices. Letters addressed to me at  
Davidson College, post paid, will be promptly attended to.

R. H. MORRISON.  
Davidson College, Dec. 25, 1838.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT.

IN MOCKSVILLE, DAVIE COUNTY.

THOMAS FOSTER

INFORMS the public that he has removed from his  
former stand, to his new buildings on the public  
square, in the Town of Mocksville, where he will continue  
to keep a HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT.

His House is roomy and commodious; attached to  
the Bar, all convenient to the Court House. The subscriber  
pledges himself to the most diligent exertions, to  
give satisfaction to such as may call on him. His Table,  
Bar and Stables are provided in the best manner  
that the country will afford, and his servants are faithful  
and prompt.

Feb. 14, 1839. 74—

The Noted Quarter Horse,

CLOCK HEAD.

WILL stand the en-  
suing Season at

SALISBURY  
AND  
MOCKSVILLE.

For further particulars  
SEE hand-bills.

JOHN JON

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Salisbury, Feb. 14, 1839.

Health Tract.

THE HEATH TRACT, containing six  
hundred Acres of Land, situated about  
six miles East of Lexington, Davidson Co.  
on the road leading from Lexington to  
Fayetteville is now offered for Sale.

There are about 100 acres improved, and 500 in  
Wood and Timber.

The Tract is located in a very

HEALTHY REGION,

and is peculiarly adapted to farming. It has on it a  
small Orchard, and a good Meadow. And inde-  
pendent of these advantages, the prospect for  
Gold, is unquestionable, as one or two

GOLD VEINS,

have already been opened, and some very rich ore ex-  
tracted from them.

The celebrated Conrad Gold Mine, is situated a few  
hundred yards south of it; and according to the direc-  
tion of the Veins of that Mine, they must necessarily pass  
through a part of this Tract.

Any person wishing to view the premises or get a  
more minute description, will call on Rigdon Wadsworth,  
in Lexington, who will give the desired information;

or any person wishing to contract for the same,  
will call on Dr. Austin, Salisbury; or address a Letter to  
the Subscriber, Trenton Post Office, Jones Co. N. C.

WM. H. HEATH.

Feb. 21, 1839.

The Thorough-bred Horse

LATH,

Has arrived at his stand in fine condition, and will be  
exhibited to all those who may call to see him.

His Season will begin on the 15th of February, and  
end on the 15th of July.

For further particulars see hand-bills.

R. W. LONG.

MARSH HOTEL, Salisbury, Feb. 7, 1839.

To Travellers.

THE travelling community are respectfully informed  
that the Subscriber is now running his line direct  
from Raleigh by way of Pittsboro' and Ashboro' to  
Salisbury, in small Northern made Coaches of the first  
order; leaving Raleigh on Mondays and Thursdays at  
10 A. M., arriving in Salisbury next day at 10 P. M.

Leaving Salisbury on Tuesdays and Fridays at 2 A. M.,

arriving in Raleigh next day at 10 P. M.

His horses are good, and drives particularly careful  
and accurate.

JOEL MCLEAN.

Salisbury, Feb. 14, 1839.

SCULPTURING.

J. HOULDHOUSE.

RESPECTFULLY inform his friends and the  
public, that he is still at his old business of  
STONE-CUTTING,